

SHENANDOAH HERALD
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS
WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
Special attention given to the collection of claims.
May 15, '94-tf.

WALTON & WALTON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
Special attention to collection of claims.
Oct. 20 '93.

TAVENNER & BAUSERMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
July 21, '93-ly.

JNO. H. DULIN,
Attorney-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Will practice in the courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
Sept. 30, '93-ly.

CONRAD & MAGRUDER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Nov. 22 '90-tf.

LEWEL BORDEN
Attorney-at-Law
Began practice in 1878. Owner and Manager of the Shenandoah Valley Cattle and Horse Auction Agency, established 1869. Post office address, CAVATY, Shenandoah Co., Virginia. May 15-19-ly.

W. L. NEWMAN,
Attorney-at-Law
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC (with Seal)
Office Room 4 Building and Loan Building.
Jan. 2-11.

DR. J. H. SMOOT,
Having located in Woodstock, can be found at his residence on North Main Street, the late residence of Dr. J. L. Campbell. Will not professionally receive. Aug. 25-19-ly.

DR. D. CARTER, M. D.,
Office and Residence South Main St.,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Special attention given to Sur-
gery. Phone Call 38.
July 30-11.

DR. J. B. RUSH,
Dentist,
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Established in 1858. Office South Main Street. Terms cash.
May 2-15-ly.

DR. W. S. CLINE,
Resident Physician.
Office and residence North Main Street.
March 4-11.

DR. W. C. FORD
Has located in Woodstock and will promptly answer all calls.
Office and residence on Mulhensburg Street.
May 2-15-ly.

DR. T. F. LOCKE
Resident Dentist,
Office Main St., Woodstock, VA.
Chloroform, ether and cocaine used for painless extraction of teeth.
Dec. 3-11.

DR. CHAS. J. SAGER,
Having located at Tom's Brook offers his professional services to the public in the various branches of his profession. He will be found at the Phillips house, after April 2nd and will give prompt attention to all calls.
Mar. 10, 94-tf.

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July 4.
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Shenandoah Herald

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Bobby Burns and the Mayor.
On one occasion, arriving at Carlisle on horseback, Bobby Burns is said to have turned his steed out to graze for awhile, and the animal strayed on to a meadow belonging to the corporation and got impounded. Although the horse was given up to him, the post retailed upon the mayor, whose tenure of office was to expire on the very morning of the incident, as follows:
"Was your post not so better?"
The mayor drank the horse committee's fair horses best, but the mayor said: "That is a horse when he's not a mayor."

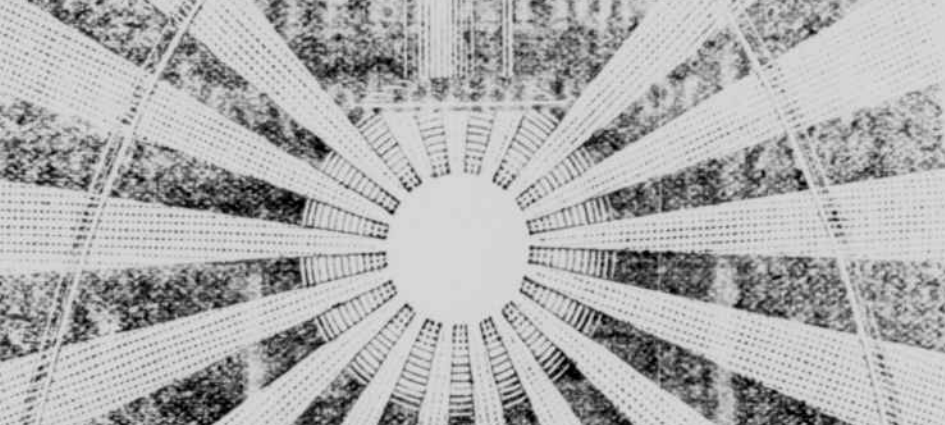
Sure to Be Overfed.
"Ah, doctor, glad to meet you," said Mr. Forsythe. "I wish you'd drop around to the house at about 9 this evening."
"None of the children sick, I hope?"
"No. But they will be when they get back from their grandmother's. They're there for supper." Philadelphia Ledger.

Delicate Scorn.
"I observe that you invariably praise your rivals," said one actress.
"Yes," answered the other. "It's the wisest thing to do. It sounds nice, and it also conveys the impression that you do not consider them worth being jealous of." Washington Star.

Chance For a Fortune.
A would-be grateful public is waiting to reward the man who will invent a window that can always be opened easily in summer, but can only be opened by consent of the majority in winter. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Economical.
Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like. Glasgow Times.

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TANGLED THREADS

By F. B. WRIGHT
Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McElroy

"And that was three years ago, wasn't it?" Miss Travers said. "It doesn't seem like it."
"Think! Have I really aged so much since then?"
"I mean only I saw you it seemed thirty," he explained.
"Three years—it goes very quickly. You haven't changed much."
"I haven't changed at all." "No, you haven't," he said. "No, you haven't in any way," he replied earnestly and with an undertone of intention in his voice. "And you—you are all I imagined."
"I imagined? Then I was not a reality three years ago. I was a mere figment of your brain. What do you mean?"
"I mean—why that in all these years I have been imagining you—in all sorts of ways, you know."
"Oh! Sometimes as fair haired, I suppose, and sometimes as dark haired, sometimes with a lump and sometimes cross eyed?"
"Well, it's what you said, all sorts of ways, and you do you remember the silly speech you made me when you went away?"
"Of course—only it wasn't silly. It was the frozen truth."
"It didn't seem very frozen then, but perhaps it does now, however, at this distance. You haven't answered my question yet, though. What was it?"
"Why—that what's the use of my telling you over again if your memory is so good?"
"It's your memory that's in question, not mine. Confess you don't remember."
"But I do, of course. It was that I wouldn't forget," he said triumphantly. "Miss Travers dropped her eyes raised them again for a brief triumphant moment and again dropped them with a penitential smile."
"And you remember what it was I said to you then?" he asked impressively, leaning forward and looking down at her.
"You said—of course you were just saying it—but you said you would never forget what I had said to you, every look of my eyes, every tone of my voice. You were quite sentimental that night!"
"It was meant, every word of it. No man could forget. I know it now."
"Now? Didn't you know it then? What do you mean? You talk as though you were not the same man you were. Aren't you?"
"Well, every man changes, you know, every seven years. Scientific fact, I believe."
"But it hasn't been seven—only three."
"Oh, of course, not really change. I was joking. What I meant was that knowing you, having your image before me these years, has made a change in me. I have changed the whole course of my life," he said earnestly.
"Ah, and you have that photograph of me yet?"
"Of course. As if I wouldn't! It has never been out of my keeping since I stole it from you."
"I thought I gave it to you myself," she said, with some surprise in her voice. "Shouldn't you have told me you had it from me that night?"
"Of course I haven't forgotten," he replied heartily. "I know you gave it to me. But she was not listening. Her eyes were looking off into the distance beyond the dark glass of the conservatory."
"How beautiful the moonlight was on the water that night, and far off some boating party was singing! It was perfect!"
"Yes, perfect, at least to me."
"Do you remember when we gilded into that stretch of lily pads and I lifted them dripping from the water, each drop like a diamond, and you said—"
"And I said I wished they were real so that I could give them to you," he said lightly.
"Did you? I thought it was that the drops would spoil my gown—the gown you admired so much."
"I did admire it. I have always seen you in that gown—and your face luminous in half shadow, the glint of your hair and your arms gleaming in the moonlight as you trailed your fingers in the water and under silver ripples over the polished black mirror of the conservatory."
"He drew a long breath when he finished, as one who felt relieved.
"And it was as we neared home, wasn't it, that you told me that you wanted my picture?"
"Yes."
"The corners of her mouth twitched a little. "What a splendid memory you have!" she said. "A marvelous memory I call it. I wish I had one like it, though it's not what I would call accurate—if that's a sample—because, you see, you didn't ask me for my photograph that night. It was fall when you left, and it rained hard that afternoon, and we could not go out, but instead sat in the drawing room by the fire. Except for the little details, your recollection of what happened is wonderfully clear."
"But you said yourself—"
"Yes, I did. I just wanted to test you. Now I commence to doubt that you really still have my picture."
"I can show it to you."
"Are you certain it's not some other girl that you've mistaken for me? One is liable to mistake one person for another unless there's a special reason."
"No danger. There's not another girl in the world like you. I knew you the moment I saw you."
"Knew me?"
"Yes, across the ballroom."
"I mean," he exclaimed slowly, like one who picks his way. "That I knew you—for the one girl I cared about."
"Oh! But was it at a ball we first met? I remember your telling me that three years ago, but I didn't think it

was at a ball that that knowledge came to you. We got first—let's see—where was it?"
"At—at—it's idiotic, but for the life of me I can't remember for the moment. You were the important matter, all else."
"It's hardly to be expected you should remember," she said, compassionately. "It was at the Thorntons."
"Of course, the Thorntons. I knew, but I couldn't think of the name. I remember Harry telling—"
"Harry? What Harry?"
"Er—Harry—Harry Thornton, of course."
"Oh, I never knew there was a brother. And he told you?"
"That he wanted me to meet you. He said, 'This, this is a—'
"Why, I thought your name was Harry, but possibly that's changed in three years too. You used to be called Harry."
"A man may have two names, mayn't he?"
"It seems like it."
"I mean he may have more than one name. My name is Henry Philip Morton. All my old chums at college called me Phil."
"I might have understood—so stupid of me. So Mr. Thornton was a chum of yours at college?"
"Yes. Great friends we were."
"And that's how you came to know his sisters? Charming girls, weren't they?"
"Very, very charming, only now I don't want to talk about them now. It's such a waste."
"Why have you quarreled?"
"No, not exactly."
"I thought perhaps you had, because Clara Thornton just passed, and she said that of you spoke. I thought it curious."
"Yes, of course I saw her—but—it's rather a painful subject with me, and so if you don't mind let's get off it."
He looked sadly, with a perturbed expression of countenance, due naturally to the pain he was feeling. There was silence for a moment or so, and then, hearing a little sobbing sound, he turned toward her.
"She was heading over, her face buried in her hands. Like a dash it came over him what was the matter. She cared for him and thought he cared for the Thornton girl."
"Margaret," he said. "Margaret, dear! It was nothing of that kind. I've never cared for any other woman but you—ever!"
"Suddenly she lifted her face. There were traces of tears in her eyes. "Oh, you fraud!" she cried. "You utter fraud!"
"I tell you!"
"You impostor! And you fancied I believed you!"
She drew a folded letter from the folds of her gown and found a place in it.
"Read that, Mr. Philip Morton, and then!"
Morton read the part she indicated. "And now the greatest news! Of course you say yes. I know of your flirtation with Harry Morton three years ago and that you gave him your photograph. Well, my dear, it seems that Harry's twin brother, Phil, saw the picture and rescued it when Harry was leaving his castle just before his marriage. This kept it on his mantel for three years. Now he is going west, and what do you think? He proposes to stop off at Glenzie and pretend he's Harry, stay at the Johnstons and pick up the ends of the affair with you right where he dropped them. Isn't that wonderful? He has made a bet with Harry that he can do this, and he should be taught a lesson. He is exactly like Harry, as good looking and clever and I'm afraid!"
"You needn't read the rest," Miss Travers interrupted. "It's nothing to do with you." She turned a severe countenance toward the culprit. "It is a very nice trick to try and play on a girl, isn't it? So gently!"
"I suppose it would be fair, but—" "But what? I want to be just—" "Well, it wasn't all me. The picture was all I said to me, and I have known ever since I met you that I cared for you, but I suppose you are awfully fond of it, and it's all over."
"It should be, shouldn't it, as a punishment? There ought to be some punishment surely!"
"I shall lose my bet. Isn't that enough unless you'll let me win it?"
"Why, how can I?"
"The threads, you know. Let me pick 'em up where Harry dropped them. Then I'll win. You said you were going walking, weren't you, that day, and you couldn't because of the rain? I fancy tomorrow will be a fine day. The stars are very bright. Look up, and even the moon is there. Mayn't I come tomorrow for you?"
"You don't deserve it, and I won't promise, but I shall be home at 3 and—Your wait, Mr. Ackerly? Yes, so it is. Too bad you had such a hunt for me. I was just going in!"
Miss Travers's hand fumbled for a moment adjusting her roses, then she moved away to the ballroom, leaving behind her on the floor a bird just open to the world.
"I am quite sure tomorrow will be a pleasant day," said he.

Spilled It All.
A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. Wesley said he would take up three topics of thought. He was talking chiefly about money. His first was, "Get all you can." The farmer nodded and said, "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like before. This is very good." Then Wesley discussed on "Industry." "Alderty," "Living to Purpose," and reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced idleness and waste, and he advised the willful wickedness which involves in luxury, and the farmer pulled his hands, and he thought, "All this I have been taught from my youth up, and what with eating and what with hoarding it seemed to him that 'save all you can' had come to his house. But Wesley advanced to his third point, which was 'Be a good man.' 'Ah, now, now, now,' said the farmer, 'he has gone and spoiled it all!'"

Heliotropism.
Heliotropism is the peculiar property shown by many plants, notably the sunflower, of always turning toward the sun. In the case of seedlings the phenomenon is especially marked. The seeds on the left side are apparently retarded in growth, thus causing a curvature toward that side. Professor Romanes experimented with an intelligent light, such as that of an electric spark discharge upon mustard seedlings and found the heliotropism effect produced in this way far greater than that caused by the sun or any other form of light. Strangely to say, however, this abnormal influence is accompanied by the generation of photophyll, the green coloring matter in plants which requires sunshine for its proper production. Fall Mail 124 zette.

Stikeworm Fishing Lines.
A tourist friend who has recently returned from a trip through the south of Europe was telling the other day of the large proportions assumed by the production of stikeworm and fishing lines in such places as the south of France. The stikeworm is a small creature, but it is very numerous and is used in fishing. The stikeworm is a small creature, but it is very numerous and is used in fishing. The stikeworm is a small creature, but it is very numerous and is used in fishing.

South Pole Seeds.
Seeds, according to the crew of the Antarctic expedition ship Discovery, are very rare and can be obtained by very long and arduous search. The seeds are very rare and can be obtained by very long and arduous search. The seeds are very rare and can be obtained by very long and arduous search.

Scolding.
Scolding is mostly a habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is said to be scolding when he is in a bad temper and is inclined to scold. Scolding is mostly a habit. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body.

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Japanese Buddhists.
Japanese Buddhists have a word, "monism," which is translated by the dictionaries as "to imitate," but it has the esoteric meaning of "to substitute in imagination one object or action for another, so as to bring about some magical or miraculous result." An example of this is laying a pebble before the image of Buddha to show that you would like to build a temple in his honor if you were rich enough, and making a bookcase revolve which contains the 677 volumes of the Buddhist canon and earnestly wishing that you had time to read them, by which you acquire the same merit in the eyes of heaven as if you did read them. The bookcase is fixed with a kind of capstan for the purpose.

Rameau and the Dog.
Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be made to appreciate what he has offended.
One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.
One day Rameau while walking on a lady faced a stern glance at a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking madly. Rameau, suddenly seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.
"What is the matter?" asked his housekeeper, who followed him.
"He barked at me!" said Rameau in

Shenandoah Herald
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Powerful Odor of Ambergris.
The druggist told him that a lump of gray substance like putty. It was smaller than a baseball and as light as cork. Through it he saw three, four, streaks of yellow and black.

Color of Man.
The color of the skin of the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the outside of the primal man, the original "man of creation." A pretty African legend accounts for the prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the Great God, creating the first man from red mud, the common fire clay of the after-ages.

A Puzzle.
At an examination in an English school the teacher was so pleased with his class that he said they could ask him any question they liked.
Some were asked and replied to. Seeing one little fellow in deep thought, the teacher asked him for a question.
The boy answered, with a grave face, "If I please sir, I was in a soft mud heap up to my neck and I was to throw a brick at your head, would you duck?"
The answer is not recorded.

Quite Different.
Mother—You've been sitting in the conservatory all this time, and with young Charlie Brown! Am I never to install a sense of decency in you?
Daughter—Twins Lord Copperhouse I was with, mamma, dear. Mother—Oh, that's a different matter. Girls will be girls!

For a Hasty Day.
Smith (newly married): Don't you think we had better lay aside something for a rainy day?
Charley, dear, I am so glad you said that. While I was out shopping this morning I bought two lovely silk umbrellas, one for you and one for me.

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